THE WASHINGTON TIMES

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THE ADULTERATION OF FOOD.

It will be quite a shock to the majority of Washington housewives to learn that by far the greater portion of the groceries which they purchase for everyday consumption are not what they pretend to be. It is not only that "skim milk masquerades as cream," for that is something to which the most of us have become accustomed. But when we are told, as was stated by a leading Washington grocer before a Congressional committee, that our morning cup of Mocha coffee is the product of a bean which never saw Arabia; that jams are a delusion, made up not of fruits, but of some chemical compound, and that a great many other favorite comestibles are a snare, we may well wonder where we are at.

It is perfectly well understood, of course, that there may be certain imitations or adulterations of food products that are perfectly harmless when taken into the human system. On the other hand, however, it must not be forgotten that a great deal of the stuff that is adulterated by chemical processes is decidedly injurious to health. The contention that Congress should enact a law against the sale of adulterated food is based not so much on sanitary considerations as on the popular indignation over the fact that the purchaser pays the full price for a spurious article. The buyer has a right to demand that he shall receive the worth of his money—in other words, that he shall get just what he calls for and what he is willing to pay for. Any transaction between buyer and seller that falls short of this is nothing less than fraudulent.

It is quite likely that the retail grocer is, in many cases, as much imposed upon as his customer. He cannot always know whether an article which is furnished him by the wholesale merchant or the manufacturer is entirely pure, and he may thus become an innocent party to the fraud practiced upon the public. The question of the prevention of and punishment for food adulteration is one of wide scope, affecting as it does the rich and the poor alike, and should be treated by Congress with the care and consideration which so important a matter demands.

WASHINGTON IN THE SPRINGTIME.

Washington is beautiful at all times; but its greatest glory, its most enchanting aspect, is in the gentle springtime. Grander cities there may be on the Continent of Europe, but nowhere on the face of God's green earth is there a city that so well adapts itself to the habiliments of spring, or that presents so ravishing a picture when it is thus attired.

Wide streets and well paved may be found elsewhere as well as here, but nowhere, perhaps, is the eye greeted by such vistas of foliage as extend from one end of the city to the other at this season. Other cities, too, have their parks here and there, but in none of them is there such a succession and variety of green spots as Washington can boast of. And all around the city is girt with a circle of green, with tree and shrub and grassy slopes and dells, and wherever the foot may turn or the eye may rest the wanderer is charmed by the aspect of nature in her gentlest mood.

Nature's bounteous work is generously supplemented by the work of man. On all sides are at work the forces which help to make the beautiful still more beautiful. Activity is displayed everywhere in the domain of parks and other breathing spots, and with the blossoming of the buds and the springing into life of leaf and flower Washington becomes a temple in which every lover of the beautiful in nature may well worship.

"DIXIE"— By Right It Belongs to the Whole of a United, Happy Country. . . . . .

A STORY OF LINCOLN.

By H. H. TWOMBLY, Ex-Secretary of the Board of Education.

It was during the rapid collapse of the Southern Confederacy that the interesting incident I am about to relate occurred, but which I have never seen in print.

I think it was on the receipt in Washington of the news of the fall of Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, around which so many battles had been fought.

As the news was circulated throughout the city the people went wild with joy. Stores were closed and nearly all business, both public and private, was abandoned, and crowds gathered on the streets of the city, shouting and cheering, and individually offering congratulations to each other.

A sudden impulse seemed to spread through the excited crowds as if by magic to go to the White House and congratulate the President on the signal victory, and the happy populace wended its way in that direction, gathering, as it went, whatever of flags, etc., it could find along the route to enliven the occasion, and, when the immense concourse had gathered in front of the White House, it was found a military band (probably the Marine Band) was there.

The great crowd cheered and the band played national airs and war melodies, and the President was called for.

He at once appeared at the main entrance and stepped out to the front of the portico, looking happier than at any time during the four long years of war and strife, and addressed the countless throng before him.

He made no attempt at oratory, but talked to the assemblage in his well-known, kindly manner.

The thing most remarkable about his address was that not one word of exultation was uttered by him in that hour of triumph. On the contrary, he referred to the enemy as "Our erring brethren across the way," and closed his remarks substantially as follows:

"The band we have with us has rendered many beautiful airs, but there is one tune which has ever been a great favorite of mine that it did not play, and, by right of conquest, I think it now properly belongs to us. I refer to 'Dixie.' Will the leader of the band favor us with 'Dixie'?"

Of course, the request was complied with, and I don't believe "Dixie" has been played before or since as it was on that occasion, and when the last note had been given a mighty cheer went up from that vast concourse of happy people, which could be heard for miles around, and then and there "Dixie" was christened by the lamented Lincoln as one of our national airs and adopted by the people assembled there.

Why not go further now and have it so recognized all over our country, thus paying a compliment to both Lincoln and the South?

CURRENT PRESS COMMENT.

Advice to Newspaper Men.

Pittsburg Dispatch—The new $100 bank notes are declared to be works of art. Look at the one in your next pay envelope and see if it is not so.

One of the Right Sort.

Atlanta Constitution—Clay Evans is another man of the kind the people admire because of the enemies he has made.

Sly Old Abdul Hamid.

Chicago Tribune—Anybody who tries to pick up the Sultan of Turkey for a fool will drop him hastily.

Too Great an Affliction.

New York Press—It is to be hoped, also, that Mr. Carnegie doesn't have to read those books he means either before or after they are three years old.

Not Yet Ready for Business.

Philadelphia Ledger—Russia's desire for peace in the Orient is taken as an indication that she is not yet ready for anything else.

Probably He Will.

Hartford Courant—The least President Roosevelt can do is to send Emperor William and Prince Henry early and very nicely bound copies of that new book on "The Deer of North America," with the author's autograph on the flyleaf.

Away Back in Tennessee.

Indianapolis News—One swallow does not make a summer, but when a Democratic club down in Tennessee passes resolutions endorsing the Chicago and Kansas City platforms and favors nominating William Jennings Bryan a third time, it is about time for stalwart Democrats to take to the woods.

An International Complication.

Syracuse Evening Herald—The awful rumor is afloat that the next Secretary of the Interior will be a Wyoming man named Van Devanter. If Roosevelt invites a Dutchman into his Cabinet we fear the British Government will construe it as an expression of sympathy with the Boers.

LOOKING AFTER THE CHILDREN OF WASHINGTON.

By MARY HOWE TOTTEN.

The Humane Society finds that one branch of its work, that for children, has fallen greatly in abeyance, and that this is because the cases of cruelty to children cannot be found.

That they exist, and in great numbers, we should be certain, even if we knew of no instances as pointers. Why? Because it has become an axiom that where there is absolute power on one hand and entire helplessness on another, there must be instances of abuse.

There are, in a city like this, inevitably many people unfit to have the charge of children, who yet have them in charge. When cruelty results it does not take place in the open street, where animals are ill treated, for the public would not endure it for a moment.

Cruelty to children is always as private and secret as possible, and so it is that societies that have been successful in finding and abolishing a great amount of such cruelty testify that until their work was actively pushed there was apparently no cruelty to children at all in the very localities where they afterward found so much.

That is, it never got into the courts. How should it? Everyone knows that helpless children do not seek the intervention of the law, and if their natural guardians abuse them who is to help them?

This is what humane societies are for—to speak for the dumb—either brute or human—to invoke for them what the adult human being can get for himself, the protection of the law.

Therefore the Humane Society asks the public to report instances of cruelty to children to the society, that cases which a private person might shrink from championing may be taken in charge by a body whose business it is to do that very thing.

The general agent of the Connecticut Humane Society told the writer that it was a long time before they could find such cases, and it was only after their appeals to the public to help them to find them that they were able to do their work. Now they find cruelly-treated children all over the State of Connecticut, and attend to them everywhere. The cases of helpless children treated with the utmost cruelty for years together make a story of horror.

Now it is hardly possible to keep such abuse of infancy wholly unknown. But generally it is found that those who know something of it dread too much the task of exposing it, and the enmity they may incur, to be willing to bring it to light.

I myself personally once knew the case of a family of children that were gradually growing feeble-minded from constant abuse. The neighbors all knew of it, but no one interfered.

The Humane Society earnestly requests all who know of such suffering among children, either in private families or institutions, to quietly report it at the office, Warder Building, corner Ninth and F Streets, where all such reports will be regarded as confidential.

If those so reporting are willing to testify in court to what they know, so much the better. If not, then the machinery will be set in motion for finding out the facts for ourselves.

SELF-RELIANCE.

By JOHN A. JOYCE.

Standing on this rushing steamer,
Looking forward from its prow,
And afloat upon life's ocean,
I defy the billows now.

For my soul is centred ever
In the suns and sparkling stars
That still light the way to glory
In the upland fields of Mars.

Self-reliant, fearless, onward,
I shall hold my lofty way,
Spurning every sordid motive,
Till I reach you bright Cathay—

Where sweet love and truth are vernal,
And dark envy never reigns
Round the flowers that spring eternal
On celestial mounts and plains.

CO-EDUCATION IN CHICAGO.

They are having trouble with co-education at the University of Chicago. The young men of that institution—some of them—are apparently trying to shove the girls out of it entirely. The latest move which they have made is to rule that the girls shall not be allowed to occupy seats in the body of the house at certain lectures, but shall be required to bestow themselves in the gallery. The young women protest against this sort of thing, and with considerable reason. The answer of the young men, as given in writing when a census was taken, seems to be that they do not want girls in the class-room, because it hampers their freedom. One youth frankly stated that his feminine fellow-students occupied his attention so that he could not keep his mind on his work. The girls are not making any complaints of that kind, it may be noted.

Chicago is not the only place where trouble of this kind has occurred. Two or three other co-educational institutions have been the scenes of some ructions along the same line. The main trouble is that people in general do not take an entirely unprejudiced view of such matters. It is, of course, optional with any university, organized for the benefit of men, to receive or not to receive girl students. But if they do receive such students, and demand from them the same fees as from men, they should deliver the goods. It is not fair to place a girl student under restrictions which handicap her even more than she is handicapped by such will not affect the male student. She study in a college where the majority of the students are men, she will be more or less hindered by things which will not affect the male student. She will not be able to mingle freely with her fellow-students, and gather what they do from the current of university life. She will always be at some disadvantage. On the other hand, she will probably have the chance of hearing some lectures, and studying under some teachers, unavailable in any college for women, and this advantage may counterbalance the disadvantage. But if, in addition to this, she is debarred from attending some of the lectures which the other students attend, and is cut off in a multitude of unnecessary ways from communication with them, she loses a good deal of the training which she pays for. It might be better to shut women out altogether from colleges where they are not wanted.

One great advantage of co-education is that it saves expense. To establish separate medical schools, separate universities, separate courses in all the higher branches of study, for women, would mean that large sums of money must be diverted from such use as would be profitable for both sexes. It also means that the women will be at a great disadvantage, since institutions devoted to them will be the poorer, and therefore the less effective, other things being equal. It seems as if the sentimental considerations advanced by the youths of the University of Chicago ought not to weigh much against this large economic consideration.

The Prevalence of Divorce.

The "Boston Herald," in discussing the divorce question, comes near hitting the nail on the head, and it is almost the first to offer a reasonable explanation of the increasing prevalence of divorce. In stating that one main reason for this development is the lack of poetry in the lives of so many married couples, it lays hold of a clue to several difficulties.

Poetry is another name for romance, and it is quite true that a good many married people would stay together, and would be happier than they are if there were more romance in their lives. The trouble is that the conditions of society at present are against it; and it is these conditions, not the individual, which should be condemned. It is pretty hard for two people to stand up under the superincumbent mass of all their friends and relatives and acquaintances.

In the first place, a great deal of the education of young people nowadays leads to the overrating of material advantages. They are persistently told that they must not be idealistic; they must not expect too much; they must not look for romance; and all the time they are being taught to expect the impossible—to think they can secure happiness without any self-denial or any inner reason for it. The wife is criticised if she does not "keep up with society," the husband is laughed at if he devotes himself to his home; and all society seems determined to convince the couple that if they are not perfectly happy it is because they have not money enough or social advantages enough, or something like that, when the real truth is that happiness does not depend on anything of the kind. It may not be practical to apply sentiment to matters of business, but it is not a bit more practical to try to conduct a transaction which is essentially one of sentiment as if it were merely a cut-and-dried affair. It is like trying to substitute clubs and kindergartens and patent foods for a home in the bringing up of children.

A bright essayist recently said that all society is trying on clothes that do not fit. This is half the trouble with modern matrimony as with other modern things. In all that is real in life, whether it is making a book, a home, a picture, or a business, the building up must be done from the inside, not from the outside. The man who puts his heart into it is the one who succeeds. When people are so foolish as to think that they can build up a home without putting their hearts into that, they will be failures, just as the business man will be if he rents a handsome office and sits down and waits for business to come to him, instead of thinking of ways to make it come. He cannot make a success of journalism unless he is a journalist, or of soap-making unless he takes an interest in soap; he must fit his business somehow or other. No more can he and his wife dump themselves and their furniture into a ready-made house, which belongs to people whose ideas and traditions they have not, and trust to providence to make a home for them. Providence is not, and never was, in that line of work.

The Flag in the Philippines.

(By SIDNEY T. BATES.)

Where once the tyrant's haughty heel
Stamp'd in the dust a people's weal
The starry flag is floating now
O'er blooming vale and hillside brow!

O, emblem of true manhood's state—
The world's bright hope, the monarch's hate—
Thy destiny grows more sublime
As onward speed the wheels of time!

And crumbling nations, long untaught
Save what Columbia's love has wrought,
Are trembling now at right's demand
That justice rule in ev'ry land;

That reason, purged of selfish flaw,
Shall reign where might is now the law;
That noble deeds, not noble birth,
Shall be the gauge of manhood's worth!

'Neath thy fair folds no man shall claim
The heritage of noble name,
Save him by grace of God were made
Noble by noble works displayed!

Oh, may ye wave while earth shall stand
On ev'ry sea, in ev'ry land,
Till all mankind shall look to thee
And bless thee for their liberty!

Reforming a Foreigner.

A mother of foreign birth and education was called before the juvenile court in Chicago the other day and given some advice by the judge. Whether it was good advice or not is open to question.

This mother said that she was bringing up her daughter of seventeen according to the methods of the old country. She thought that the girl should give all of her wages to her parents until her eighteenth birthday; that she should help with the housework morning and evening, and should not go out with young men until she reached the above age of discretion. She said that if her daughter wished to go to the theatre now and then she herself would take her.

The judge told her that this was not the old country; this was America, and she ought to adopt the American method of raising children. He did not think she should require her daughter to help about the house or give up all of her wages; and he thought the girl should be allowed to go about with young men, and to go to dances and parties. The girl's employer gave testimony that she was the best worker in his shop and a girl of good character. The case was then dismissed.

It is rather curious that while, in some American cities, parents are insisting on the European chaperon system for their daughters, the mother of a working girl should be counseled to abandon it for her daughter. The regime outlined by the mother undoubtedly was strict and severe, compared with that under which most of her daughter's companions lived, but there is a question whether the girl would not be the better for it. Eighteen is not very old, after all, and while most of the working girls of America do begin what may be called their society life at sixteen or younger, it might be a good thing if they were sheltered a little longer than that. There seems to be no doubt that this mother was doing what she thought best for her daughter, and in belittling her ideas and authority the judge did a thing of very dubious wisdom.

The Supreme Journey.

Oh, what a night for a soul to go!
The wind a hawk, and the fields in snow;
No screening cover of leaves in the wood,
Nor a star abroad the way to show.

Do they part in peace, soul with its clay?
Tenant and landlord, what do they say?
Was it sigh of sorrow or of release
I heard just now as the face turned gray?

What if, aghast on the shoreless main
Of Eternity, it sought again
The shelter and rest of the Isle of Time,
And knocked at the door of its house of pain!

On the tavern hearth the embers glow,
The laugh is deep and the flagons low,
But without, the wind and the trackless sky
And night at the gates where a soul would go!

—Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

ARLINGTON— A Poetic Dissertation on the City of the Soldier Dead. . . . . .

By ELIZABETH ELLICOTT POE,

A Relative of Edgar Allan Poe.

Leaving the massive buildings of the Capital behind us, we pass into the narrow streets of old Georgetown. The occasional old-fashioned shop and colonial home relieve with their quaintness the eye wearied with the glare of modern Washington.

On the bridge that spans the historic Potomac let us pause and view the beautiful sights around.

Far up the stream the miles of wooded Virginia mingle in spring-time green with the darker tints of the quiet waters. In the farthest domains of the State the Spirit of Virginia sits and views with wonder not unmixed with admiration the splendid beauty of the Capital City of the Union.

Towering above the Capitol is the silent white finger, with its upward gesture, commemorating the fadeless glory of her (Virginia's) most illustrious son. Other ages may obliterate memories of her Lee, Mason, Randolph, Stewart, and Page, but as long as this Republic has any breath of being, nay, as long as any record of its existence remains in the annals of history the name of Washington will glow and scintillate in the glorious company of the great of earth.

It is no small fame that Virginia may claim as her right in possessing such a noble son. She would be remembered if giving birth to Washington were the only act of her being. May the spirit of the great George rest over and may his example direct her every council with divine guidance. May his hallowed ashes be as the "seed of martyrs" and raise up other Washingtons in the ages waiting for an entrance to this gray old earth.

A small hamlet lies at the end of the bridge. The electric cars are waiting to convey us to Arlington. After a glance into the shady woods and long breaths of the country air, we decide to walk, and thus learn the topography of the country better than if we were under the diction of the modern wizard, electricity.

While passing along the road lying between the village and the wood, we pause to view Washington in still another prospective. With its white buildings rising in solemn quietude, hazy clouds floating in fleecy rolls over its heights, it reminds one of the fabled cities rising Phoenix-like out of mists; or that strange city that arose out of the sea, seen by Christopher Columbus and his men, who, under the decree of destiny, discovered a home for weary Liberty.

Softly through the stillness comes the solemn strains of the "Dead March." Nearer it comes, its muffled sobbings resounding strangely in nature's many echoes.

Down the white road rides a funeral train. First, the guard, then the caisson bearing the body of the dead soldier, shrouded in the folds of the flag he served so well.

Sadly the notes ring out. In heaven, the remorseless sun blinks on in cruel indifference. Above the music rises the song of a bird. The Carol of Hope. Joyously it rings, cutting with clearness through the deeper notes of the dirge. Nature's solace for nature's decree. We gaze at the caisson, still, but our eyes are fixed on the stars of the flag. Stars that suggest and beckon to the above—the soldier's rest and reward.

Through the woods we hurry, for the advance notes of evening are sounding. The purling brook at our right sings on its vaunted lay of eternity—

For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

We know better, little brook. Other waters will come and sport and play in your place. You must meet the inevitable, the destroying touch of change.

Fort Myer looms before us. Soldiers are stationed to guard their dead comrades. The graves have a better guardian, though, one who is ever vigilant and never sleeps at his post, for

On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

These immortal lines are engraved on the gates at the entrance to Arlington. The low green graves are all around us. It little matters which side they battled on. If the wrong we will forgive them, for they have paid the price of their misjudgment. Let Confederate bending over the grave of Federal whisper low words of peace, while Federal at the grave of Confederate exclaims: "They lost, but he was brave."

An impressive sight, and one that stirs deep thoughts, is the monument erected over the remains of the unknown dead. Unknown. Mothers have wept over the uncertainty of their fate, sweethearts have waited in alternate hope and despair, while little children have called in vain for father, but they are sleeping, in peace with the foe, in the common bosom of Mother Earth.

To the south is the plot set apart for Spanish war veterans. Many a young life was laid low in the very springtime of youth. Off they went, with buoyant steps, flushed with the wine of war. Back they came, cold in death's embrace.

Over this slaughter of young life one can imagine Peace weeping, as a mother weeps for her only son. War, with fierce, heedless demand, stole her younglings from her. Then, like the highway robber of olden time, who slayed the babe, lest its cries should attract attention to himself, so War slays the youth she has abducted. Then the pitying hands of compassion return them to Peace, who guards them safe forevermore.

The mansion at Arlington was built by John Parke Custis, the stepson and protege of George Washington.

In after years a Custis intermarried with a Lee, so the property came into the Lee family. It was this quiet home that Robert E. Lee left when he went to Richmond to take up arms for his native State. How often during the troubled years that followed his heart must have turned to the quiet peace of Arlington.

The Government, while he was fighting, confiscated his home for unpaid taxes, and for many years refused to render adequate remuneration for the injustice. At last it awoke, in a sense, to a recognition of individual rights, even when demanded by persons holding opinions other than the opinions of State.

Compensation was made to the Lee family, and the place was set aside as a final resting place for the country's brave.

In easy distance to the Capital they rest, these brave. It is well they do. It is a bit out of the past and a warning to ever cherish in our land the blessings of peace.

THE OPTIMIST— A Memory of the Brilliant Events of the Long Ago. . . . . .

By WILLIAM EDGAR ROGERS,

Assistant Attorney for the United States of the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission.

We hear often from the pessimist, but what about the optimist?

The writer is to fortune and fame unknown; his years have slipped silently by, interwoven with sunlight and shadow, till he is fast verging on the span allotted in the book of books to one's time in this beautiful world, yet he is, always has been, and will be to the end, an optimist.

The optimist found floating in the columns of a Washington daily recently a little stray waif, which, like the breath of new mown hay on the old home farm, carried him straight back to boyhood.

True it had no suggestion in it of field or farm, this description of the famous diamond wedding in New York City more than forty years ago. It was a long leap from the farm of childhood days to that dazzling scene of wealth and beauty which in 1859 for weeks turned things topsy turvy in New York's then "Four Hundred," and furnished the theme for columns of the finest reportorial work of the day.

How and why the optimist happened to be at the diamond wedding reception he will not undertake to explain. Though only a boy, he was there in wonderland, unknown and almost unnoticed, amid that jeweled throng of fair women and brave men in the stately mansion on Fourteenth Street belonging to the bride's father, Lieutenant Bartlett, of the navy. Looking back through the dimming vista of all these years, the old farm presents the sweeter, brighter picture; yet the other was wondrous fair—and in its centre shines out through the mists of years the beauteous features and regal figure of the stately bride.

And of that gallant and distinguished array of wealth and beauty, of genius and forensic skill, who shall speak? James T. Brady, next to Charles O. Conor the leader of the New York bar; his brother, the honored Judge John R. Brady; his equally honored judicial associate, Judge C. P. Daly, who, crowned with the beauty of age, and richly garnered honors, has recently gone to his dreamless sleep; John Graham, the world-famed criminal lawyer, who so successfully defended Gen. Daniel E. Sickles; Joseph Bradley, who afterward was to win lasting renown as judge of the United States Supreme Court; Lieut. Q. A. Gillmore, afterward major general, U. S. A.; Rev. Dr. Seabury, a distinguished Episcopalian divine, known to fame as the author of the book "American Slavery Justified," wherein he proves from the Bible slavery is right and just the proper thing; Robert Gilchrist, afterward Attorney General of New Jersey—these are the names of some who gathered in those lordly halls on that memorable night. Alas! The mossy marbles rest on the lips of them all; stately bride, noble groom, honored father, learned judge, orator, soldier—all are silent. Yet the sun still shines; the bright seasons come and go, and the world is passing fair, so thinks the optimist.

Another scene, three years later. The flash of battle played all along the Southern sky, and the war of cannon shook its hills. The optimist was a soldier, only a private soldier; as such, on guard duty one day at Fortress Monroe, it was his lot to "present arms" in salute to Col. Bartlett, then colonel of the naval brigade, afterward the Ninety-ninth New York Volunteers. From that day the optimist saw him no more; when the war was over, he learned that his fortune had taken wings, and fate in other ways had dealt unkindly with him till he passed into the unknown. A year or two ago the optimist paused lovingly before the old Fourteenth Street mansion, then deserted and solitary. Yet the afternoon sun tenderly bathed it in a flood of golden light, and the evening wind softly sung the lullaby of long ago through the branches of the gnarled old trees—sic transit gloria mundi. So we pass, sometimes pulling hard against the stream, sometimes drifting with the tide, but drifting ever on and on to the shoreless sea—drifting on sunlight and song all about us into the sunset where at eventime it shall be light.

A NEW APARTMENT HOUSE IDEA.

Owners of apartment houses in New York are watching the course of an experiment which is being tried in that city by some sanguine landlord, of running an apartment house on the co-operative plan, so that the janitor, engineer, hall boys, elevator boys, scrubwomen, and, in fact, everybody except the tenants will get a share in the profits. This is truly something new. The plan of letting such buildings on shares, the tenants co-operating in profit and loss, has been tried, and generally ended in loss; but the co-operation of the employes of the building has not before been considered.

The promoters of the new plan are optimistic—that goes without saying, for they would not otherwise be risking their money on it. They think that under this system the janitor will be paid for what he does, not what he ought to do, for his salary will be reduced pro rata for each vacancy. Hence he will make considerable efforts to keep the tenants happy and contented. Moreover, the conduct of the tenants will also be under surveillance, and if they make the janitor too much trouble, and he thinks he can risk the chance of the apartment standing vacant, he will have the option of dismissing them.

But the other real estate agents and owners of apartment houses are pessimists on this scheme. They prefer to endure what ills they have rather than fly to others that they know not of. They say that new plans for running apartment houses have been tried before, and have ended in running the house down to a point where it was almost impossible to get it in good condition again. The reputation of an apartment house is a good deal like that of a woman. The best way to raise it above suspicion is to keep it up there all the time.